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Mason, James Frederick

Cupid's Game with Hearts

A TALE AS TOLD BY DOCUMENTS

ILLUSTRATED BY

STELLA ALYS WITTRAM

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
NINETY-SEVEN BY JAMES
FREDERICK MASON.

Tuesday Morning
March 24 – 1896.

Dearest Kora:

I'm just home from Chicago and must see you at once. Can you meet me at lunch tomorrow? I can scarcely wait till I see you.

Yours in haste
Lydia.

P.S.

O Kora! I must tell you just a little or I think I shall explode. I became acquainted with a gentleman

Dear Miss Partington

After the incident at the depot this afternoon, I think it only justice to myself to put an end to the anomalous position which I have been occupying.

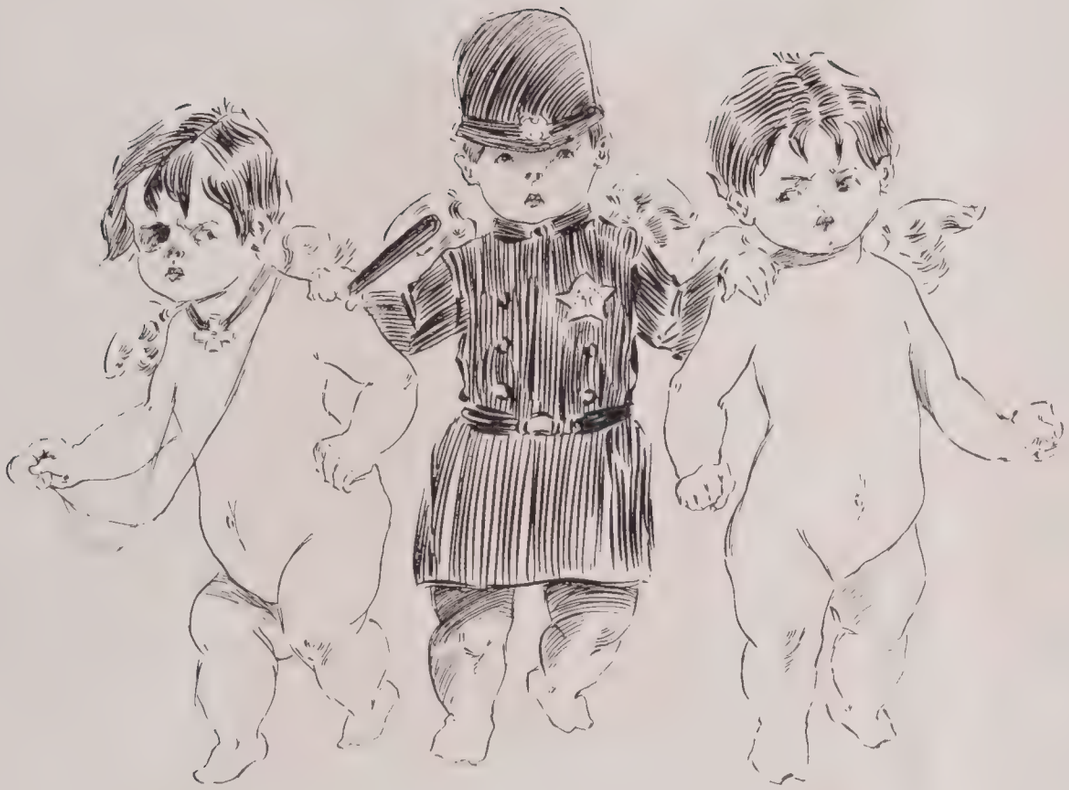
I considered I was bestowing upon you some honour when I intimated, six months ago that I should be much gratified by giving you the title of Countess And though I said I would gladly allow you plenty of time to

"PAPA CAME HOME ALL OUT OF TEMPER."

Tuesday - 830 P.M.

Sweet Love.

I had your note this morning by Messenger, & for that one reason alone the Court desires to see me at 10 o'clock. But I have a letter from the same gentleman, asking me to meet him at 11! Oh the sadness! Saying



RATTLE MIXED ON BROADWAY

A row on Broadway in which the Count fared badly.

It was a dense crowd that surged in front of Partington, Saunders & Co.'s yesterday morning about ten o'clock. Everyone seemed bent on seeing the fight which was in full swing on the side walk. Owing to [illegible] the [illegible] the only [illegible] ants a fat little man in a fur-lined overcoat, who gave as his name Count Horeski nothing could be seen but the head and shoulders of a tall young fellow, who seemed to be holding and shaking something as a terrier might do a rat.

The police arrived on the scene and terrier and rat were taken to the station. There matters were satisfactorily arranged and the Count emerged still much agitated and with [illegible] "I have really no complaint to make," said Count Horeski; "The young man accosted me rather familiarly, so as to attract attention; I have, however, really no complaint to make."

The young man, who refused to give his name, when seen on his homeward way seemed to view the matter in a somewhat different light as he admitted that it was his earnest desire to shake a little impertinence out of the Count so as to make him more fit for ladies' society.

On investigation however it seems that [illegible] enough as the au-

Dear Lydia

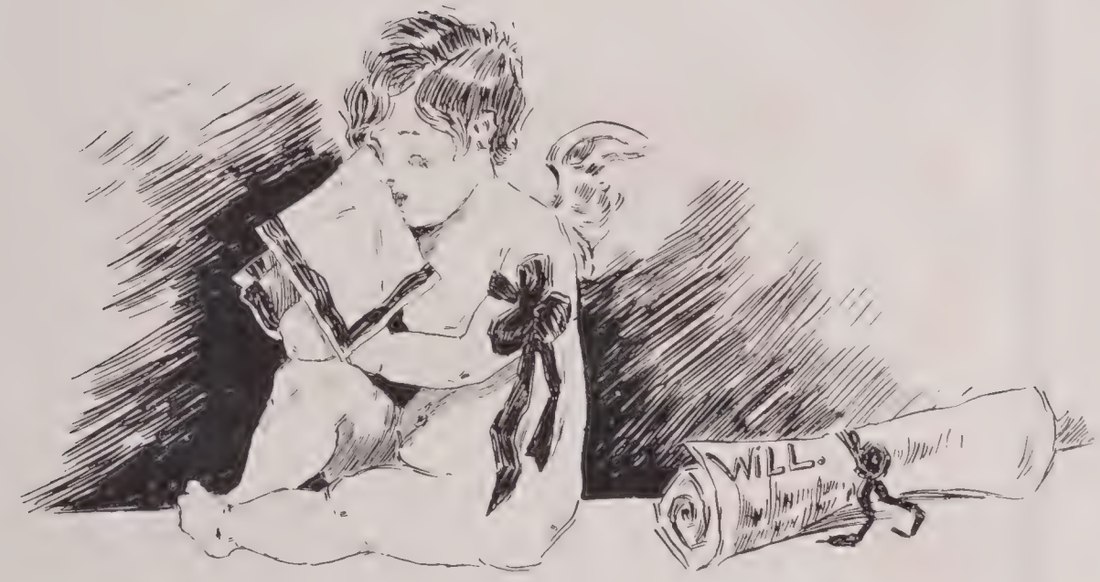
Our mutual admirer, the Count, did not keep his appointment yesterday, but appeared this forenoon instead.

He made profuse apologies, stating he had had a most unfortunate accident the nature of which he did not divulge.

Asked if I had seen

Failure of a large Dry Goods Concern.

The failure is reported of the well-known dry goods firm of Partington, Sclaters & Co. Various causes are assigned, the most probable being the large amount of cash withdrawn by Solomon Sclaters when he retired from the firm a year ago. Much sympathy is felt for the sole remaining partner, who must have been hoping against hope in the administration of his colossal business.


WILL.

Sad sequel to Thursday's melee on Broadway.

William W. Corderwell, the millionaire real estate owner and railroad king, died very suddenly last night. His end was undoubtedly hastened by learning what had been, in consideration of his critical state of health, carefully kept from him. The news that his favorite nephew had laid hands on Count Horeski, threw the deceased gentleman into such a state of agitation that he burst a blood vessel. Death resulted within an hour thereafter.

The Mayfield

Brooklyn, March 30th, 1896.

My Dear Miss Partington,

I know that you will not think me forward in writing to you to express my deepest sympathy. The pleasant time we had on board the cars has imbued me with some feeling of partnership in this catastrophe. I am glad of such feeling, and more glad still that the event opens up to me even a possibility of greater nearness to your dear self. Since we said, Goodbye, your image has been before me day and night. I never thought myself romantic, but, if the carrying about with me ever since a tiny glove, be romance, I plead guilty, as I do of the theft. I was hopeless of ever possessing anything more of yours, and sorely

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37 n Nr 12 fst 10 am Mar 31/96

New York 9 am Mar 31/96

Received at Brooklyn

(WHERE AN ANSWER SHOULD BE SENT.)

Hector Arlington

Brooklyn

Come

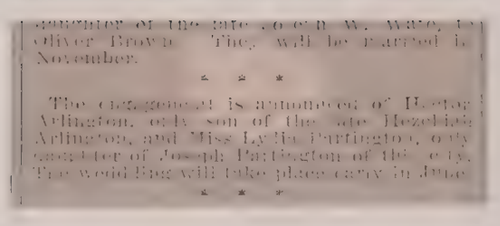
Lydia Darlington

Midnight. Mar 31- 1896.

Dearest Koda.

Im so happy now I simply cant keep from writing you a few lines. The dreadful cloud is gone and that awful failure cloud is gone and Im looking up at the starlit sky and feeling the warm sunshine all through me although the clock says its midnight.

He has just left - Hector my own darling Hector I can say that now for we are engaged! Does he please such a joke as me. He



daughter of the late Joseph W. Ware, to Oliver Brown. They will be married in November.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Hector Arlington, only son of the late Hezekiah Arlington, and Miss Lydia Partington, only daughter of Joseph Partington of the city. The wedding will take place early in June.

* * *

LAW OFFICE OF
MARSHALL, LITTLEFIELD & SIMKINS,
MAYBRICK BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

June 2nd, 1896.

Hector Arlington, Esq.,

C I T Y.

Dear Sir:

We regret to inform you that a Will of later date to that in which you were interested, has been offered for probate, bequeathing all the Real and Personal Property of your deceased Uncle to his cousin, Amanda Peterson.

We shall be glad to have a call from you at your earliest convenience.

Your obedient servants,

Marshall, Littlefield & Simkins.

Dictated.

June 4th 1896.

Dearest,

I have sad news for you. I have just returned from seeing my lawyers about a letter they sent me, stating that there is a later will of my Uncle's, in which he has bequeathed everything to some Cousin, of whom I rarely heard him speak.

I feel too downcast to call. Our Marriage is now impossible; my helping your Father also out of the question I can only with a very, very sad heart release you from all promises and say a hopeless Goodbye to you. I cannot write more, with all that beautiful castle in which you were to dwell, lying in ruins around me

Hector

My dear Hector

I have a fool mind to scold you! Do you think that my love for you depends on your wealth? I will not even sympathize with you, for you have no real need in this world except some one to stand by you when you are down.

I a little money left me by my mother

A COUNT ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

A most extraordinary fraud unearthed by the police.

Yesterday Count Horeski was arrested on a charge of forgery. Full details are wanting, but it is believed that the legal firm of Marshall, Littlefield & Simpkins have, with the assistance of the police, unearthed one of the most extraordinary frauds of the century. The sole beneficiary under the will of the late William W. Cordewell, was a Miss Amanda Peterson, a lady of about seventy years of age. It seems that shortly after the death of Cordewell, Count Horeski found out this lady and made several calls, representing himself as instructed by the deceased to advise her of her good fortune. The old lady being very deaf and the partition very thin, the neighbors had no difficulty in hearing, when, in time, what were not the whispers of love, the Count's long proposed marriage. The latter thought it was a bargain seemed evident, but Miss Peterson showed that she did not so understand it by one day summoning her listeners to eject her visitor on the ground that he was mad. A stormy scene has preceded in which the swindler overheard the Count threaten to break the will if she did not marry him. Subsequent handwriting tests have proved that the will was a forgery by the Count.

The entire estate will now go to the late millionaire's nephew, Hector Carlos Cordewell, who, it is understood, will make a liberal allowance to Miss Peterson.

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